

THE DAYSPRING.

“The dayspring from on high hath visited us.”

OLD SERIES.
VOL. XXIX.

NOVEMBER, 1877.

NEW SERIES.
VOL. VI. NO. 11.



HOW TO HELP A GOOD CAUSE.

THE Secretary of the Unitarian Sunday-school Society, in his report read at the annual meeting, called attention to the fact that an expenditure of one thousand dollars a year more than at present would make the "Dayspring" at least one hundred per cent more attractive. Seven-eighths of what is now spent on the paper goes to pay printers' bills; and these are the same whether the matter be poor or good. The additional thousand dollars is required for cuts and articles. Although many of these are good, we are sure that all must feel that, taken as a whole, they ought to be a great deal better. We dare say, too, that many wonder why they are not better. We should rejoice to make them so, but do not see how it can be done until donations to the Sunday-school Society are increased. There are at least five ways in which it is practicable to increase the amount of donations to this society, and enable us not only to improve the "Dayspring," but do many good things besides.

I. A good way to raise money for this society is to pass the contribution boxes once a year, for the purpose, in every Unitarian congregation. We are sorry to say that, during the last year, this was done in less than one-third of our congregations. If all would have it done once a year, with the simple announcement that "a collection for the Unitarian Sunday-school Society will now be taken up," we are confident that we should have as much money as we need.

II. Individuals can help a good cause by sending directly to this society such sums as they feel able to give. Ten dollars constitutes one a life-member; fifty cents, an

annual member; but any sum is acceptable, and will be gratefully acknowledged.

III. Much can be done for the society by making pastors and superintendents life-members. There are more than two hundred pastors, and as many superintendents, who are not life-members. In most of our Sunday schools, a slight effort would confer this honor on both, and help the Sunday-school Society, besides. Four hundred life-memberships would give the society four thousand dollars, — a larger sum than it has ever received in donations in one year.

IV. Teachers can help the society by making themselves annual members. There are not far from five thousand teachers in the Unitarian Sunday schools of the United States. Fifty cents annually from each would give us twenty-five hundred dollars, — an amount somewhat larger than that of our donations the last year.

V. There is no better way to raise money for our society than to get the children to do it. Last year, the minister of the society in Arlington asked the scholars in his Sunday school to solicit from all their friends ten cents each for the Sunday-school Society. The result was a donation of thirty-seven dollars. If all our Sunday schools should be set to work in the same way, it would result in a gain of several thousands of dollars annually to our treasury, a great improvement in our publications, and a largely increased interest in our cause among young and old.

REGARD your good name as the richest jewel you can possibly be possessed of. For credit is like fire: when once you have kindled it, you may easily preserve it; but, if you once extinguish it, you will find it an arduous task to rekindle it again.

For The Dayspring.

AMY IN THE WOODS.

LITTLE AMY ran in from the village street,
Brushing aside her curls of gold;
She threw herself down at her mother's feet,
And this is the story sweet Amy told:—

“ You remember, mamma, you said I might go
To gather flowers beyond Hazel Hill;
I love dearly to ramble there, you know,
Because 'tis so shady and cool and still.

“ Oh, how sweetly the birds did sing!
And the flowers were plenty, — just look,
mamma!

But I thought, if I picked them the very first thing,
They might wither, perhaps, in going so far.

“ So I laid me down on the grass to rest, —
You know the great rock by the old oak-tree?
And I watched a bird, that was building its nest,
In a bush not far off, where I could see.

“ Then I looked at the sky and the trees and the
flowers,
And the lovely scene that around me lay;
I thought I could stay and gaze for hours,
And enjoy it more than any play.

“ When, all at once, right before me stood
The loveliest being I ever did see;
It seemed she must have come out of the wood,
And yet I can't think how that could be.

“ What she was like I do not know;
For I saw but her eyes so starry bright,
And the radiant smile that charmed me so:
But I think she looked as an angel might.

“ Little Amy,” she said, — and her voice was
clear
And sweet, like the sound of a silver bell, —
“ You love to come often and wander here,
And why you do so I know full well.

“ The bees and the birds, the woods and the sky,
You take them all to your innocent heart;
And, without even asking the reason why,
You feel the happiness they impart.

“ But, while you enjoy, you must not lose
The lessons that even these blossoms teach;
You may learn from the trees and the grass, if
you choose,
And gather the honey of wisdom from each.

“ ‘Tis the Father's love that calls forth the
flowers,

With beauty and fragrance the earth to cheer;
'Tis He that sends the sunlight and showers,
And ripens the harvest of every year.

“ And as he cares for each flow'ret small,
And gives it the air and the light and the dew,
Remember, darling, whatever befall,
He loves and blesses and cares for you.

“ And as each blossom, in wood or bower,
Has its work to do, and does it well;
As the Father gives to each some power,
How much or how little, He only can tell;

“ As the earth is richer and lovelier, too,
For the beauty the tiny grass-blades bring;
As the very skies seem more bright and blue
For the songs that the merry robins sing, —

“ So to each child the power is given
To make home happier, day by day;
To stoke upon earth some joys of heaven,
And scatter sunshine along her way.

“ Little things they seem, — the gentle word,
The pleasant smile, and the helpful hand,
The self-control when passion is stirred,
The sweet submission to each command.

“ But nothing is small to the loving heart,
That seeks to give pleasure to all around;
And the child who has chosen this blessed part
Is the sweetest blossom that can be found.'

“ And then, mamma, — do you think I had
dreamed? —
The lady was gone, I could not tell how;
But her words and her smile, so real they seemed,
I can almost hear and see them now.

“ Then I heaped my basket, as full as I could,
With flowers from the grove and the hillside
green;
And the sunset clouds, as I came from the wood,
I thought were the brightest I ever had seen.

“ And, mamma, I will try, with all my might,
To make others happy, as far as I may;
And I'll thank our Father, this very night,
For the lesson I learned in the woods to-day.”

For The Dayspring.

A JAPANESE DINNER.

AN English lady, travelling in Japan, was invited, with her husband and brother, to dine at the house of a nobleman, or, as they call it, a "daimio." She was the only lady present; and, in compliment to the English guests, the host had provided a carpet, a small round table, and chairs. The usual custom is to sit on mats laid upon the floor.

Every one had a silver saucer, containing a little sweet red jelly, a very salt white fish jelly, a piece of sponge-cake dipped in "soy" (which she says was "horribly nasty"), flat pieces of eel, and small heaps of what she thought were "devil's coach-horses," as they are called in England. The dinner, all through, was served cold. The second course brought small slices of cuttle-fish in vinegar, sea-slugs, and bits of green sea-weed. The third course was cold fish in small pieces, and of leather-like toughness, served in soup of white beans, and vegetables thickened with eggs. Then came oranges and cakes; but there was no bread or rice furnished during this strange meal.

The servants remained in the room; and both they and the nobleman questioned the lady freely about her dress and ornaments.

M. O. J.

ATTENTION makes the genius. All learning, fancy, and science depend upon it. It builds bridges, opens new worlds, and heals diseases; without it, taste is useless, and the beauties of literature are unobserved.

A LITTLE girl, looking at the stars as they came twinkling, one by one, through the boughs of the trees, exclaimed, "See! there are angels' fingers pointing to us!" It couldn't have been better expressed.

For The Dayspring.

ALPHABET OF NATURAL HISTORY.

III.

C.

DEAR children, you know,
We began long ago
A Natural History A B C;
They say well-begun
Is already half-done,
Yet we have done only the Ant and the Bee.

I need not tell you the ant and the bee
Are, both of them, patterns of industry;
It cannot, however, be said of us
That we have been very industrious.
For more than two years we've been creeping
along,

With a kind of moralizing sing-song,
At a pace that appears, I must confess,
Like what the Germans call *snail-express*.
There's a slow old coach, they use in France,
That goes by the name of *diligence*.
Well, children, when insect life is our theme,
Does it not, on reflection, seem
A very appropriate thing that we
Should travel with patient industry?
(The Latin proverb, some of you know,
Is, *Festina lente*, — hasten slow.)

And what one teaches this better to man
Than the very creature with which we began?
The ant began our A B C,
And what could B, then, be but bee?
And, now, we cannot be long perplexed,
To say which insect shall follow next:
It might be caterpillar, — but, no,
His gait is quite too heavy and slow;
And, as for the cockchafer, he
Is a little too fitful and fidgetty.

The cricket's chime suits best my rhyme
In autumn's moralizing time.
The ant in spring, in summer the bee,
In the fall the cricket, all these three, —
Ant, bee, and cricket, — these three small creatures,

Though small in size, are very great preachers;
To young and old they are wisdom's teachers.
Sometimes, when I hear the cricket's chime,
I can almost fancy 'tis Father Time,
Sharpening his scythe with all his might,
On an invisible grindstone all night.

To musing minds the cricket sings
 The fading away of all earthly things.
 To some it is a cheerful croon,
 To some a melancholy tune.
 To me it is, at times, I own,
 A weary kind of monotone.
 At other times, in other mood,
 It seems to cheer the solitude.
 Gone is the harsh and grating sound;
 As if Old Time his scythe had ground,
 And I could almost see him stand
 Pensively gazing on the land.
 Thus Nature, in her moods, I find,
 Echoes the changes of our mind.
 "There is in souls a sympathy
 With sounds," says Cowper. That may be:
 But surely it is not less true,
 Our thoughts and feelings lend a hue
 To outward things, and Nature's heart
 Seems in man's musings to take part;
 And what his soul within him sings
 Comes echoed back from outward things.
 So, at this season of the year,
 If rightly tuned, the soul will hear
 In crickets' chirp grave musing blent
 With, sober gladness and content.
 Here I may mention, by the way,
 Crickets are of two kinds, they say;
 Their names the youngest school-boy knows:
 House-crickets these, — field-crickets those.
 Sometimes, I think, the tree-frog's sound
 With the field-cricket's we confound.
 When the two choirs together sing,
 How they do make the welkin ring!
 They seem to labor to express
 Their ecstasy of joyousness.
 But when the winds of winter come,
 The song of field-crickets is dumb.
 Yet the house-cricket's chirp is still
 Heard by the fire or window-sill;
 A sympathetic friend is he
 Of household joy and industry.
 The cricket's chirp, by poets sung,
 Was always loved by old and young.
 In Goldsmith's Hermit of the Dale,
 What life would vanish from the tale,—
 How every heart would feel a dearth,—
 Without the cricket on the hearth!
 And so, dear children, we infer,
 God sends this little messenger,
 With his emphatic voice, to cheer

The lonely season of the year;
 To teach us what a multitude
 Of creatures wait on him for food,
 And, in a dry and stubbly land,
 Praise with their song His bounteous hand,
 And cry, with one continual voice,
 A Father reigns, — let Earth rejoice!

C. T. B.

NEWPORT, Oct. 1, 1877.

IN TOO MUCH OF A HURRY.

ONE morning an enraged farmer came into Mr. M——'s store with very angry looks. He left a team in the street, and had a good stick in his hand.

"Mr. M——," said the angry farmer, "I bought a paper of nutmegs here in your store, and, when I got home, they were more than half walnuts; and *that's* the young fellow that I bought 'em of," pointing to John.

"John," said Mr. M——, "did you sell this man walnuts for nutmegs?"

"No, sir," was the ready answer.

"You lie, you little villain!" said the farmer, still more enraged at his assurance.

"Now, look here," said John; "if you had taken the trouble to weigh your nutmegs, you would have found that I put in the walnuts *gratis*."

"Oh! you gave them to me, did you?"

"Yes, sir; I threw in a handful for the children to crack," said John, laughing at the same time.

"Well, now, if that ain't a good fellow!" said the farmer, his features relaxing into a grin, as he saw through the matter.

Much hard talk and blood would be saved if people would *stop to weigh* before they blame others. "Think twice before you speak once" is an excellent motto.

A MAN'S temper is most valuable to himself, and he should keep it.

HUMOROUS.

A BOY of five years was "playing railroad" with his sister of two and a-half years. Drawing her upon a foot-stool, he imagined himself both the engine and conductor. After imitating the puffing noise of the steam, he stopped, and called out "New York," and, in a moment after, "Paterno," and then, "Philadelphia." His knowledge of towns was now exhausted, and at the next place he cried "Heaven." His little sister said eagerly, "Top! I des I'll det out here."

A LADY, who consulted her physician, almost daily, about some imaginary ailment, and who liked to talk with him on a great many subjects, because he was a witty and charming man, on one occasion asked to be excused an interview. The doctor, thinking the servant misunderstood the message, requested his arrival to be announced a second time; but the lady said that "she was grieved at being obliged to deny herself the pleasure of his company, "because she was very ill."

A GENTLEMAN recently called at a stationer's establishment to order some note-paper with a heading. He was shown numberless designs, monograms, &c. Finding nothing suited to his taste, he said:—

"I want something simpler,—just a flower, such as a forget-me-not."

"But, sir," said the attendant, "that would surely be more suitable for a young lady."

"I know what I want," was the prompt reply. "I'm a tailor, and the paper is for my customers."

MOTHER made John a pocket, and, when she mended his trousers, she found the following articles in the pocket: one knife, five marbles, one fish-line, two kite-strings, one ball, two pennies, one lash-string, four

nails, one pocket-book, two screws, two buttons, and one piece of cake; and she found, on examining, that it was not so full yet, but a hole was fast coming in it.

LORD CHESTERFIELD was dining at an inn where the plates and dishes were dirty. Lord C., complaining, was informed by the waiter that "every one must eat a peck of dirt before he dies."—"That may be true," said Chesterfield; "but no one is obliged to eat it all at one meal."

"Now, my boy," said the examiner, "if I had a mince-pie, and should give two-twelfths of it to John, two-twelfths to Isaac, two-twelfths to Harry, and should take half the pie myself, what would there be left? Speak out loud, so that all can hear."

"The plate," shouted the boy.

"Oh! you say this gentleman was about fifty-five," said Canning to a pert young woman in the witness-box, "and I suppose, now, you consider yourself to be a pretty good judge of peoples' ages, eh? Ah! just so. Well, now, how old should you take me to be?"—"Judging by your appearance, sir," replied the witness, "I should take you to be about sixty; by your questions, I should suppose you were about sixteen."

Old lady at the procession. "Now which be the President?"

Daughter. "The man with no hat on."

"Ha! fine man, fine man! But where's his cabinet?"

"Why, in them coaches behind; don't you see?"

"La, no! I don't see nothing like a cabinet. I see men, but no chest o' drawers, nor nothin'!"

It is an important element of success in life to acquire the habit of being beforehand with whatever you undertake.

BE PUNCTUAL.

ONE reason why many people do not get along in the world is because they cannot be depended upon. They do not keep their agreements. When they are weighed in the balance of actual affairs, they are often found wanting. They are seldom on time. The workman who is always on hand at the appointed time and place, and does his work according to agreement, is sure to get along. To a young mechanic starting in life the habit of punctuality is worth more than a thousand dollars cash capital, although a thousand dollars is not to be despised. The trustworthiness of the faithful workman produces money; but the untrustworthiness of the unfaithful one causes him to lose money. This is an everlasting principle. He who would be permanently prosperous must keep his engagements.

HARD WORK.

It is the honest "plodding" workman who rises to an elevated position in the world. Work is, as a rule, at the foundation of all true success. Brilliant parts, fine education, powerful friends, are not to be despised; but they cannot supply the place of personal toil and patient, painstaking industry. President Lincoln literally worked his way up from a common laborer to the highest position in the gift of the Republic. Henry Wilson, at twenty-one, carried his wardrobe and library on his back whither he went in pursuit of work. Commodore Vanderbilt laid the foundation of his vast fortune in the savings and habits of industry acquired in his young days in rowing a ferry-boat. Charles Dickens owed his success not more to his genius than to hard, systematic labor.

For The Dayspring.

THE WAKEFIELD CAT.

BY E. P. CHANNING.

JENNY BLAKE is very much puzzled. Her sister Mary is coming from Iowa, with Bob, Ben, Jane, and the baby. Mrs. Blake says it will be Jenny's business to amuse the children, so their mother can visit her old friends and neighbors. The baby will sleep most of the time, and little Jane is good as gold; but the boys are restless and wild, — riding on buffaloes, Jenny thinks, at home. If they had only been kittens! and Jenny laughs as she recalls her picture of the four kittens squalling with rapture, and bursting from the basket in which they were supposed to be safely packed for their long journey from Chicago to Boston.

The picture makes her think of Taffy, — the splendid cat the English captain gave her father, which weighs twenty-eight pounds, and is as handsome as he is big. She knows that some of the village boys are unmanly enough to find it good sport to frighten a cat, and what if Bob and Ben think so too? Jenny goes to the pond when she is puzzled, and under the willow grows calm and happy. To-day the pond seems to say, "Miss Jenny, keep cool. Taffy is so frightened by strangers, and

so spry, that the boys will not be able to catch him often ; and, when they do, he knows how to defend himself. Taffy is a fine cat, though he did knock the stand over, and break the beautiful wax-flowers that cost you so much labor. And, for my part, I think it was mean of you to cuff Taffy for laying a rat on your pillow."

Here Jenny laughs ; for will she ever forget Taffy's face, very near to her own, watching to see her wake up ? She is stronger to laugh than when she was getting over the lung fever. And, to be sure, it was wrong to punish Taffy for being a good mouser, which he was born to be, and when her mother strokes him for every rat he catches. How was poor Taffy to know that Jenny would have preferred a rose to a rat ?

Jenny remembers that the true way to keep out of mischief is to be busy. Boys who have ridden on buffaloes may not care for acorns, pine-cones, and horse-chestnuts ; but she never saw a boy that did not like to whittle and dig, and the carpenter left plenty of blocks in the barn. And there's her boat, in which she can row them across the lovely Wakefield pond to their grandfather's grave, to weed the flowers. If Uncle Jerry invites them to the lighthouse for a night, and takes them

up Bunker-Hill Monument, there will be no time to plague Taffy. So Jenny gives up the idea of boxing Taffy, and sending him off for a visit, and calls him to run with her as she shakes the fruit from the great pear-tree.

Then Jenny climbs to the garret for the dusty cradle, and thinks, if there should happen to be a rainy day, what fun the boys will have playing soldier with great-grandfather's sword, the brass warming-pan, and the empty bandboxes. Sunday afternoon, when they will be apt to be tired after going to church, she will tell them the sweet story of the little prairie dogs that share their small homes with snakes ; and, then, Jenny feels sure that Bob and Ben will not have the heart to disturb noble Taffy, the pet of the Wakefield farm-house. So Jenny goes down to her dinner with a great deal brighter face than the one that looked into the pond half an hour ago ; and sets her mother's fears at rest by her many pleasant schemes for the boys.

PROF. TYNDALL thus concluded an address to the students of the London University :—

"Take care of your health. Imagine Hercules as oarsman in a rotten boat ; what can he do there but, by the very force of his stroke, expedite the ruin of his craft ? Take care of the timbers of your boat."



For The Dayspring.

SALLIE'S SURPRISE.

A TRUE STORY, IN TWO PARTS.

BY J. H. W.

PART I.

Secret Plans.



HE surprise was not one which Sallie received, but one which she gave; and there is always truth in the saying which the Apostle Paul ascribes to Jesus: "It is more blessed to give than to receive." Children never enjoy half so much the gifts which come to them at Christmas, as they do those which they confer at that holy season; and if they give sister or cousin a present which they make on purpose, such as an embroidered watch-case, or a fringed tidy, or a match-scratcher, or a book-mark, the delight of the bestower is all the keener. It is a delight to work for others, if love dictates the effort. There is a little girl in Massachusetts, whose parents are so wealthy that she really needs no presents from her friends. Nevertheless, she would feel very badly if her birth-day were not celebrated. What do you think is done for her yearly, when that day comes round? She has a party of children who are not so fortunate as herself. When they go home at night, each one is presented with some keepsake. Does it seem hard for this girl, because she is rich, to have no presents herself? That would be hard; but she is not forgotten. She has gifts enough from her father and mother, and uncles and aunts; but, by giving presents herself, she learns not to be selfish, but generous; and, no doubt, she would tell you that she finds greater delight in selecting the gifts for her visitors than she does in playing with those which she finds on her table on that eventful morning.

Now, our heroine, Sallie, had no money, and her parents had very little; so that part of the illustration does not apply to her: but the principle applies to her thoroughly. Sallie had a real good time on her twelfth birth-day, which came in October. There were two things which she wished to do. One was to dine at a certain restaurant on Milk Street, not far from the Old South, where the eating-room is in the upper part of a very high building. Her other wish was to go to the Museum some Saturday afternoon. Her father and her brother, Tallie, talked over the matter, and determined that Sallie should have her two wishes. Monday was really the right day; but on Monday school would keep, and Miss Bean would be very unwilling to spare her from the Shurtleff. On Monday, Tallie could not wisely leave his school either. It was agreed that they should celebrate on the Saturday before, when school did not keep. So, on that day they surprised Sallie by taking her up in the elevator to the seventh story for a nice dinner in Whitney's restaurant, and, afterwards, they went together to see a play. Sallie says, though she had a fine time, that she really enjoyed much more the surprise this story is to tell you about,—a surprise which she gave her father on the occasion of his birth-day.

She never could tell how she happened first to think of her project. Her father says it came naturally out of her loving heart and quick mind. He, Mr. Ambleton, had been writing a play for the young people in the church, to which the family belonged, to perform in the vestry. It contained ever so many pieces of music which the Sunday-school children could sing. Probably, this suggested to Sallie the idea of getting up, for papa's birth-day, a juvenile entertainment of the same sort.

If it was to be a surprise : it was all-important that papa should know nothing about it. He could not very well help knowing that something was going on, but he must not know precisely *what* was going on. The secret was not easy to keep, because so many were involved in it. There was mamma, who had a perplexing habit of speaking right out,—partly because she could not get it into her head that the plans of the small people were really of such vast importance that she must not let even a whisker of the cat out of the bag. However, she was implored not to tell, and she promised that she would not tell, if she could help it. Then there was Braxley, only four years old. He would thrust his blond pate into the room where the children were in conference, and, though he did not mean to tell, he would now and then forget and say something. “Why, Braxley,” Sallie would exclaim, “do hold your tongue. You must not tell!” Little Braxley would reply, “I ain’t telling papa any thing about it!” And this was true; but he would speak to mamma, or Sallie herself,—forgetting that papa was in the next room, or, perhaps, in the same room, and could hear him. Though Braxley was thus leaky, he liked to be with the children, and he was such a good boy that they could not bear to shut him out of the work-room.

Brother Tallie was very trusty. He was close-mouthed, and as ready to check Braxley, when the little fellow was on the eve of a revelation, as his sister herself; but even Tallie was so full of the secret that, now and then, at the table, he would thoughtlessly say, “Sallie! is Artie Witness going to wear——?” And Sallie would almost scream out: “Why, Tallie Ambleton; don’t you say another word!” Several times she tried to make him understand by motions. She would shake her head at him,

or scowl at him, or wink at him, or tread on his toe; but Tallie was so absorbed in his own thinking, that he would not or could not understand her nods and winks; and sometimes he would get cross when his big sister “snapped him up rather short.” This was not strange; for even boys more than nine, which was Tallie Ambleton’s age, and men also, do not always control their tempers and return soft words for hard. Despite all that Sallie could do, her father, though he tried hard not to hear what was not intended for his ears, could not help knowing that plans were in progress for his benefit.

What was under way? Already hints have been given, but the secret has not been told outright. This was the secret: Sallie had written a play. She had written it all alone. She meant to have it acted on her father’s birth-day, in the merry month of May. She must have dresses and furniture and dishes for her play, and, above all, she must have actors. Her brother, Talbot, would do first-rate for one; but there must be more than one. Braxley was too young to take any real part, and these three were all the children in the Ambleton family. So Sallie went outside the family. Near by lived Dr. Witness, and in his house were five children. They were not all his children; but they all lived there. Three were the doctor’s own little ones. Dora was the eldest, and she was near Sallie’s age. Then there was Artie, who was about Tallie Ambleton’s age. Artie was only a nickname for “Arthur;” but everybody called him “Artie,” as everybody called Talbot “Tallie.” Then there was Bobby, a brave, ruddy, and cheery little boy, who was only a trifle older than Braxley. The three little folks of the Ambleton household, therefore, matched the three Witness children.

If there were five in the doctor's house, you will ask, "Who were the other two?" First, there was Edward Steeling, who, with his widowed mother, boarded with the Witnesses. Eddie was older than the other children by a few years; but he was obliging, and willing to play with them.

This makes four, and leaves one more to be described. This last was Rosy. She was older than Sallie and Dora; but the cousins were warm friends, and always together. Rosy's whole name was Rosalind. She was an orphan. Her father and mother had lived in a distant city; and, when they died, she was fortunate in finding a home in the family of her uncle.

Robby was rather too young to be of much use to Sallie in her exhibition; but the other four—Rosy, Eddie, Dora, and Artie—were at once enlisted in her enterprise, in which they soon became almost as much interested as Sallie herself. Bobby, too, liked to play with Braxley; and the two got along together so peacefully that they often met with the older children.

These preparations consisted in getting ready the articles required for the play. There was to be an old man, and he must have either a wig or powdered hair. There were two or three real ladies, and they must have long dresses, which were to be borrowed of the mothers. The performers had also to decide what furniture they should need, and where they could get it. At first, Sallie and her troupe met in the dining-room at home; but her father was always happening in at unexpected times, and disturbing their privacy. Then they met a few times at Mrs. Witness's. This was not a very convenient place. At last, Mrs. Ambleton gave them permission to meet and sew and rehearse in one of the rooms in the upper part of the house. The room was very convenient. The house had

a mansard roof, so that the attic rooms were upright. There was a closet in that room, and a window. Next to it was a dark store-room, where some furniture and other things not needed were stowed away. This was very handy, for the children could take from there what furniture they wanted. There were old dresses and various ornaments in this room also, and these they could use.

The great trouble was not with the things, but the children themselves. Sallie had written the play; but all the others had to learn their parts, and it was somehow very hard work to remember the words. Sallie had the utmost difficulty in persuading her assistants to enter at the right time. When they had once come in, they did not always know when it was the right time to go out; and the little manageress would almost, if not quite, lose her temper in over and over again repeating the same directions.

As the day drew near, and she grew nervous, Tallie liked to plague her. They generally rehearsed in the afternoon, after school was over, and before supper-time. The rehearsal-room was quite warm, the house being heated through steam-pipes all over it; and there they would stay till the day grew dusky. Of course, at the supper-table, the children were full of their project. The Witnesses and Eddie Steeling could talk it over well enough, for their folks were in the secret; but at the Ambleton table "*mum* was the word." Then was Tallie's chance to bother his sister; so he would say, "Papa, shan't I tell you what we are doing upstairs?"

"Now, Tallie Ambleton," Sallie would cry out, "I think it's real mean to tell!"

"I guess," Mr. Ambleton would rejoin, "that my darlings are getting up something for my birth-day."

"Well, you know that; but you don't know any thing more," Sallie would shout.

"I'll tell you," Tallie would say; and Sallie would almost cry for fear he would tell.

Now, Tallie would not have told his papa for any thing. If he had wanted to tell the secret, there were chances enough to do so when Sallie was not in the room: but he did not really want to tell; and his father would not have allowed him to do so, if he had wished to tell ever so much. But the boy liked to hector his sister, as boys often do. The hectoring was not all on his side. Sallie enjoyed worrying him as much as he enjoyed worrying her; only just now he had no special secret, and she had; and so he got the best of her at the game of bother,—a game, by the way, in which the fun is all on one side, and the pain on the other. Hectoring makes one think of the fable of the boys who threw stones at the frogs. At last the frogs begged the boys not to stone them. The boys replied that it was fun. These frogs were very remarkable frogs, and could talk; and so they said, "It may be fun for you; but it is death to us." Children, and grown folks too, when they hector their friends in fun, do not often recollect that the joke is all on one side; and those who enjoy bothering their associates are not the most ready to endure their share of it when their turn comes.

As April, stormy and snowy and cold, drew towards its close, and Sallie's drama was all written, but not yet fully rehearsed, she and her comrades discovered that it would be necessary to have one more actor in the piece, to take the part of *Sam*. They all looked about to find the right addition to their company. Their choice fell upon Pattie Dieufree. Who was Pattie Dieufree? Well, Pattie was a

bright little girl, nearly six years old, who had formerly lived in the same house with the Ambletons, or rather in the same building. Is there any difference between living in the same house and living in the same building? Perhaps not; but, to show you what is meant, the building shall be described. "Nuns' Edifice" is in a part of Boston called South. If you should take the right horse-car on Tremont Street, close by the office of "The Dayspring," a half hour would find you on the spot. In the Catholic Church are some women named "nuns." They devote themselves to what is called a religious life. We Protestants believe that it is just as religious to live among people as to live in special places, and that women can be more truly pious in their own homes, taking care of their children and husbands, than by living in convents; but Catholics think otherwise, and so the nuns, wishing to be very religious, leave their homes, and never marry or have children, but live by themselves in nunneries, where some of them do a great deal of good, as teachers for children and nurses for the sick, while others live idle and useless lives.

The name, "Nuns' Edifice," might suggest that this was a house for nuns to live in; but such was not the case. Nuns' Edifice was so called because built by a man of that name. Mr. Nuns was rich, and desired to put some of his money into a building that should be an ornament to the part of the city where he lived. He died; but the men who had charge of his property carried out his ideas, and erected a large house, and named it after the old gentleman, "Nuns' Edifice." It is a handsome edifice, five stories high, built of brick, and nicely ornamented. There are in it many rooms. In the front part of Nuns' Edifice are offices, occupied by lawyers, clubs,

printers, and grocers. The grocery is in the lower story; up one flight are the offices; up two flights are the club-rooms; while under the roof are the printers. Nuns' Edifice is on a street corner. The front end is narrow; but the building is long, and runs down as far as Parthenon, the next cross street. Now, the rear half of Nuns' Edifice is very different from the front half. To be sure, there is a store underneath, as the big sign, "Flour," shows; but over that are three dwellings for families, one above the other, arranged in what are called "flats" in a "family hotel." There is a wide staircase, up and down which all the families go; but from the stairway the doors open into each tenement through a door, fastened like an outside door, so that each family is separated from the others. The Ambletons live in the lowest of the three flats. If you go to the street-door, you see three bell-handles beside it; but you need not pull either of them if it is in the daytime, because the door is unlocked. You step inside, and there you find three more bell-handles. Over one is the name of "Bacon," and, if you pull, it rings the bell in the upper flat, where the Bacons live; but, instead of coming down to see you, Mrs. Bacon will talk to you through a speaking-tube which runs from her kitchen down to the entry where you stand. At first you may wonder where the sound comes from, but, if you look, you will see a white crockery hole just over the name, and that is the end of the pipe. You can talk to Mrs. Bacon by putting your mouth to this tube. Between another bell-handle and mouth-piece you will see the name of "Ambleton;" and, if you wish, you can ring the bell, and Mrs. Ambleton, if she is in her kitchen, will hear it, and go to the tube and talk with you through it. But, on a

board where the name is, you will see a card, on which is written,—

"Walk up to the first landing and ring the bell on the door there."

If you obey the direction, and walk up ten steps to their special door, you will find it locked; but, if you ring the gong-bell, somebody will come and open it. Enter, and you will see a long entry, at the further end of which is a bath-room. On one side of the long entry is a window, but on the other side are several doors. Walk along, and look through these doors. The first room is a parlor, with big chairs and pictures in it; from this, folding-doors open into another large room, which is used as a sleeping-room. Beyond this is another chamber, and beyond that the dining-room, and beyond that the kitchen, which opens through a closet into the back entry. What are those queer iron things, square and gilt and brown, in each room? They are radiators, and they keep the rooms warm with steam, which runs through them. The steam is made in the boiler down in the cellar, which Larry, the janitor, takes care of; and that one boiler heats every room in the whole of Nuns' Edifice, so that nobody needs to have stoves, except one in the kitchen, to cook with. Away up in the attic story are two other rooms, which go with the flat which Mr. Ambleton hires; but these are only used occasionally. Mrs. Ambleton finds it very convenient to do her work, because the rooms which she uses are all on one floor, and she need not go up and down stairs, either to cook, make the beds, or answer the door-bell.

Pattie Dieufree's papa and mamma used to live in the second flat, right over the one where the Ambletons live, and arranged just like it, room for room. Our friends, Sallie and Tallie and Braxley, loved Pattie, and were therefore sorry when the Dieu-

frees moved away. There was nothing they liked better than to go together up the four flights of stairs which led to the flat roof of the building, where there are poles for hanging the washing out to dry, and whence there is a splendid view of Boston and its harbor.

The Dieufrees did not move so far away that the Ambletons could not often see them, and Pattie was glad to help Sallie in her surprise project, proud to share the secret, and careful not to tell Mr. Ambleton about it when she happened to meet him.

(To be continued.)

THE FACE AT THE WINDOW.

SHE looked through the open window,

A dear little baby girl,
With blue eyes sleepy and tender,
And hair half out of curl.

The shadows of night were falling
As I passed on my homeward way;
I saw her a moment only,
Yet many a long, long day

Have my soul and my sense remembered
The heaven-blue of her eyes,
And the bright hair over her forehead,
Like sunlight from paradise!

One glimpse was all, yet I treasure
Her sweetness a thing apart,
And the grave, soft look that she gave me,
I carry it in my heart.

For nothing, of all God's blessings,
Is purer, more undefiled,
More fair, with the grace of heaven,
Than the face of a little child!

MARY AINGE DE VERE.

We should learn never to interpret duty by success. The opposition which assails us in the course of obedience is no evidence that we are mistaken. — *Newman Hall.*

THE ANNUAL MEETING.

THE Annual Meeting of the Unitarian Sunday-school Society was held at Concord, Mass., Wednesday and Thursday, October 24th and 25th. On Wednesday afternoon, after the reports of the Secretary and Treasurer, a suggestive essay on the "Way of Life," written by a lady of the South Middlesex Conference, was read by Rev. H. H. Barber, of Somerville. An interesting discussion followed. In the evening, a very able sermon was preached by Rev. H. N. Brown, of Brookline.

Thursday morning, there was a conference meeting, conducted by Rev. H. W. Foote, of Boston. This was followed by an address on "What to Teach, and How to Teach," by Rev. M. J. Savage, of Boston. Mr. Savage's address was a powerful argument for definite and systematic instruction in the Sunday school. Rev. Henry Blanchard, of Worcester, and Rev. Francis Tiffany, of West Newton, followed with able addresses on the same subject. Thursday afternoon, an essay was read by Rev. J. H. Morison, of Milton, on "The Motive Power to be awakened and strengthened in our Sunday schools." His essay, which was one of great beauty and power, was followed by interesting remarks from several speakers.

The weather was favorable, the attendance large, the speaking excellent, the harmony perfect, and the hospitality of the Concord society unbounded. Perhaps better meetings have been held; but we confess that we never attended a better one.

The old Board of Managers was re-elected, as follows: Rev. Grindal Reynolds, President; Rev. Adams Ayer, Rev. C. C. Hussey, Vice-Presidents; Rev. Geo. F. Piper, Secretary; J. Mason Everett, Esq., Treasurer; Rev. L. J. Livermore,

Rev. J. H. Wiggin, Rev. F. G. Peabody,
Miss E. P. Channing, Miss Georgiana Mer-
rill, Directors.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSONS ON THE OLD TESTAMENT.

The November number of the "Sunday-school Lessons" contains Lessons on "Moses," "Moses and Pharaoh," "The Exodus," and "The Wilderness." The circulation of the "Lessons" has largely increased since the course on the Old Testament was begun, from which we infer that they give general satisfaction.

Specimen copies sent, on application at the office, 7 Tremont Place, Boston.

Puzzles.

ENIGMA.

I am composed of twenty-seven letters.
My 12, 6, 15, 7, 10, 24, is a useful trade.
My 11, 1, 5, is a small animal.
My 18, 21, 17, is for gentlemen's or ladies' wear.
My 2, 25, 26, 19, 7, is a wicked spirit.
My 11, 1, 8, 27, is impetuous.
My 9, 16, 1, 14, is to put on a garment.
My 26, 1, 14, 10, is a weed.
My 7, 10, 23, is not old.
My 2, 9, 16, 1, 11, is to disobey a command of Christ.

My 26, 13, 7, 10, is a piece of music.
My 18, 10, 1, 14, 5, is a part of the human body.
My 5, 3, 9, 16, 11, is a lofty building.
My 22, 10, 20, is a kind of tree.

My whole is a declaration of Proverbs.

J. C. M.

EASY CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in tear, but not in sigh;
My second is in head, but not in eye;
My third is in eel, but not in shark;
My fourth is in deer, but not in park;

My fifth is in ale, but not in beer;
My sixth is in eye, but not in ear;
My seventh is in sing, but not in hum;
My eighth is in apple, and also in plum;
My ninth is in ride, but not in walk;
My tenth is in twig, but not in stalk;
My eleventh is in plaything, but not in toy;
My twelfth is in girl, but not in boy.
My whole is a messenger trusty and true,
Who comes once a month with a greeting for you.

HIDDEN CITIES.

1. Do you think buff a low color?
2. He carries himself most royally.
3. In the spring, field sports are very pleasant.
4. How fast the dove runs on the roof.
5. In August, a couple of months ago, I was sick.
6. Will you do your washing to-night?

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN OCTOBER NUMBER.

BIBLICAL ENIGMA.

"The eyes of the Lord are in every place."

MYTHOLOGICAL ACROSTIC.

1. Achilles.
2. Priam.
3. Orion.
4. Lethe.
5. Leander.
6. Orpheus.

SQUARE WORD,

P A U L
A N N A
U N I T
L A T E

THE DAYSPRING.

(Rev. George F. Piper, Editor),

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE

Unitarian Sunday-School Society,
7 TREMONT PLACE BOSTON.

TERMS.—Per annum, for a single copy 30 cents.
Four copies to one address \$1.00.

Postage, 2½ cents additional for each copy, per year.

Payment invariably in advance.

Press of John Wilson & Son: Cambridge.